

The Last Thing on My Mind

Tom Paxton

G C G C G D G

It's a les-son too late for the learn ing, — made of sand, — made of sand.

8 C G C G D G

— In the wink of an eye my soul is turn ing — in your hand, — in your hand.

Chorus

17 D C G

Are you go - ing a - way with no word of fare - well? Will there

22 C G D

be not a trace left be - hind? — Well, I

26

could have loved you bet ter; did-n't mean to be un - kind. You

30

know that was the last thing on my mind. 1. You've got mind. 2. You've got mind.

It's a lesson too late for the learning, made of sand, made of sand.
 In the wink of an eye my soul is turning in your hand, in your hand.

Are you going away with no word of farewell?

Will there be not a trace left behind?

Well, I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind.

You know that was the last thing on my mind.

You've got reasons a-plenty for goin', this I know, this I know,
 For the weeds have been steadily growing, please don't go, please don't go

As we walk, all my thoughts are a-tumblin', 'Round & 'round, 'round & 'round.
 Underneath our feet the subway's rumblin', underground, underground.

As I lie in my bed in the morning, without you, without you,
 Each song in my breast dies a-borning, without you, without you.

+ All sing 1st verse --> a capella chorus --> tutti chorus --> turn around x 3